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In addition to the conservatory already built, it is intended to erect a range of building of two hundred and forty feet in length, which will consist of five distinct apartments, on an elegant and spacious plan, and which will be regulated to different degrees of heat, according to the different climates of those plants which may require their protection. These preparations will, it is presumed, enable us to preserve at least one specimen of every valuable plant, which is either known in this country, or which we may have the good fortune to introduce.

In addition to these objects, it is also thought expedient, that a library of works in natural history, and a collection of specimens of dried plants, should be formed, with all possible expedition, as appendages to the institution. The foundation of the latter is laid by the purchase of the Museum of the late Dr. Forster, which has been brought from Halle, in Germany, and is now under the care of our manager. This collection comprises many thousand specimens, collected by the doctor and his son in the South Sea islands and other parts, and large contributions of plants from those illustrious botanists, Linné, Thunberg, and Jacquin, with whom Dr. Forster was in correspondence. To these we have no doubt of making considerable additions, from the liberality of several eminent men, who have already kindly expressed their intentions in this respect, among whom I may venture to mention Dr. Wright, president of the college of physicians at Edinburgh, who is now obligingly preparing to send us specimens of the plants which he has himself collected in foreign countries, or which have been transmitted to him by his learned correspondents from different parts of the world.

Such, gentlemen, are on this occasion the objects of our common pursuit—objects, which the more they are examined, the more they will be found entitled to the zealous assistance of the proprietors, and to the approbation of the public at large. In the course of a few weeks, it is in the contemplation of the committee,

to open the garden for public use, and I cannot but congratulate the proprietors, that about the same time, the very learned and eminent Dr. Smith, president of the Linnæan society, on the requisition of a considerable number of gentlemen, has consented to deliver his public instructions in this town, on the science of botany; when the slight and unskilful remarks with which I have on this occasion had the presumption to trouble you, will be compensated by a full display of that knowledge, the joint result of genius, opportunity, and application, which has deservedly placed this illustrious disciple of Linné at the head of the first botanical institution in the kingdom.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ON PUFFING AND THE FASHIONABLE
ARTS OF RISING IN THE WORLD.

WHATEVER advantages in the sciences, and in the more general diffusion of knowledge, the present times may possess over former periods, simplicity of manners and of character, does not rank among them. An artificial character, and a higher polish, have superseded the rougher, but more sincere manners of former days. Such is the progress of luxury. Voltaire in his sarcastic observations on Frederic, surnamed the Great, has aptly characterized this polish, by comparing him to a marble side-board, which notwithstanding its smoothness was still cold and hard, and we may add apt to break what was incautiously brought into contact with it. A taste for dash and the exhibition of the showy qualities pervades all ranks. In the manufactures and in the mechanical arts, show is substituted for strength, and the aim is to produce an article at a small expense, that will look well, without regard to its durable or substantial qualities. The pressure of the times obliging many to curtail their expenses, and the willingness to keep up appearances, when the means are not easily procurable, still farther support the fashion of preferring the slight and showy to the useful. This disposition when once admitted, runs through an entire es-

establishment, and brings under its sway not only the outward appearance, but influences also the conduct, and those things more immediately connected with *mind*. Hence, in education, the showy qualifications are preferred, and the accomplishments which enable to shine and make a glittering appearance, are substituted for the laborious studies, and that strictness, I do not say severity, of moral discipline, without which youth of both sexes, can attain to nothing that is truly valuable or intrinsically useful. We require to be braced to a higher toned system of morality, for we may be assured that however the present system may be calculated to produce the glitter and tinsel of over-refined delicacy, something more is necessary to prepare for the production of those virtues, which adorn the individual, and shed a lustre on the age in which they conspicuously appear, which show human nature in its most amiable forms, and contradict the misanthropic speculations which seek to degrade our common nature to the level of the objector's selfish motives.

Connected with this fondness for show, we may observe the attendant puffing, which marks the prevailing taste. Quack doctors and keepers of lottery offices led the way, and the success of Drs. Solomon, and Brodum, who imposed on the credulity of the people, have vitiated the taste, given a wrong tone to popular feeling, and encouraged a host of imitators to prey on that cullibility of which they find so large a fund in the public, and which they do not fail to turn to their own advantage. From this direction of the public mind some suppose that those who decline to puff, are scarcely on equal terms with the puffers. But they "who think more highly of their kind," cannot acquiesce in this opinion; they allow that popular feeling is perverted, but yet not so completely as to be entirely insensible to merit, unless tricked out by the meretricious arts of puffing. They depend on the good homely adage of our ancestors; "good wine needs no bush," and conscientiously refrain from all the arts and finesse, calculated to capti-

vate the vulgar, or to puff off their wares.

In the walks of literature, puffing is very common, although certainly it is very incongruous to the chaste taste of literature, and inconsistent with that candour, which ought to characterize the citizens of the republic of letters. They ought to soar above such meanness. It has even been recommended as in the way of trade, to puff the Belfast Magazine. I hope the attempt will never be made, but that the conduct of the Proprietors will ever be consistent with the generous advice of the Roman to his son, "Learn the arts of fortune, from others, but from me virtuous independence."

Puffing leads to another evil, that suppleness of manners, which to promote an end, is little scrupulous about the means, and induces to exchange the unbending front of virtue, for the courtier-like demeanour, which by sinking seeks to rise to the attainment of the object in view.

"By virtuous means, be virtuous ends pursued."

If it is not allowable to seek for the attainment of virtuous ends, by even doubtful means, still more forcibly does the objection apply when neither the ends nor the means are honourable. This blot in modern manners is well noticed by old Macklin, in "the Man of the World." When asked by what means he raised his fortune, Sir Pertinax Mac Syco-phant with a thorough knowledge of the arts, which enable a man to rise in the world, replied:

"I raised it by boowing; by boowing Sir, I naver in my life could stond straight i' th' presence of a great mon: but always boowed, and boowed, and boowed, as it were by instinct."

Facts are best illustrated by examples, and I hope I shall be excused for adducing one near at home.—The allusion is not brought forward from any ill will to the proposed institution, for if it should be conducted on the suitable principles of independence, it is deserving of every encouragement. When the new Aca-

demical institution in Belfast, was first proposed, in the fervour of zeal to promote its interests, complimentary letters were written to the neighbouring gentry. The plan so far succeeded, the fashion of subscribing spread, and dignitaries of the church, the nobles, and high gentry of the land, were enrolled among the subscribers. Now mark the progress of error. It has since been made a standing order of the institution, to saddle themselves with masters, and three bishops, and five members of parliament, whose qualifications in literary pursuits do not enter into the views of the electors, who return them, are constituted perpetual honorary visitors, and consequently vested with a controul over an institution, the prime object of which ought to be to promote the cause of literature and science, independently of religious sect or political party, and unshackled by the trammels imposed by worldly policy, for the sake of a present delusive advantage. It requires no profound depth of foresight to pronounce that an institution so founded, is not established on principles likely to insure the ends of free and undaunted inquiry, nor to lay the foundation for a disposition in the youth in future life to serve their country, and extend the cause of liberty.

This instance of *bowing*, or time-serving, is an unfavourable symptom of the present state of public spirit, and inconsistent with the independence ere-while manifested by the inhabitants of Belfast, and of the North of Ireland. It is a token of declension in manners, and ought to cause a fear in generous bosoms, lest the contagion spread. K.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE TOMB OF AITON.

AS a love of life is natural to man, so to live in the recollection of our contemporaries, as well as to have our names transmitted with respect to succeeding ages, is a wish congenial to the human heart. How far this was the wish of Dr. Aiton, whose journey in life commenced more than 200 years ago, is impossible to de-

termine at this distance of time.—

But if to be remembered was his desire, he has indeed been recollected under circumstances very peculiar. All the branches of his family are long since extinct. The historian gave him no place in his page, and the minstrel in a neglected age, omitted to introduce his name in his lay; yet the descendants of the circle in which he once moved, whiten his sepulchre, and with a religious care preserve his tomb. The monument erected to the memory of Dr. Aiton, will strike the eye of the traveller of observation, as he passes through that plain village once geographically dignified a city, called Connor, in the county of Antrim, Ireland. It is raised on a fragment of that ancient Gothic ruin, known by the name of the cathedral of Connor. It stands elevated above all the memorials of the thousands of the silent family that surround it, as if the dust it commemorates would lead the way in emerging to meet the spirit once in mysterious union with it. But this monument is not only peculiar in its elevation, but also in its aspect. All the others erected in honour of the surrounding dead, look to the east; but the tomb of Aiton faces the south, as if directing its silent voice to the highway passenger, in the ancient language of solemn admonition, *memento mori*!—Ah! thoughtless fellow traveller, when you see this tomb, halt on your step and ask yourself the important question—

And shall this body die,
This mortal frame decay;
And shall these active limbs of mine,
Lie mouldering in the clay?

Ye villagers to whom this monument is daily familiar; ye worshippers who weekly pass it in review; and ye mourners who come hither to perform the last sad office to your mortal kindred, I feel more than common interest in your present and eternal fate, and wish you to learn from it not only the lesson of mortality, but to look above it to an immortal existence; that so the surviving age, may not only, as in the days of barbarism, erect your tomb, and raise the song; but that you may rank in